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Interview with
CHARLES R. EASLEY
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Oral History Collection

Charles Richard Easley

Interviewer: Dr. Ronald E. Marcello Date: September 30, 1989

Place of Interview: Richardson, Texas

Dr. Marcello: This is Ron Marcello interviewing Richard Easley for the University of North Texas Oral History Collection. The interview is taking place on September 30, 1989, in Richardson, Texas. I'm interviewing Mr. Easley in order to get his reminiscences and experiences while he was a carpenter's mate aboard the destroyer tender USS Dobbin during the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941.

Mr. Easley, to begin this interview, just very briefly give me a biographical sketch of yourself. In other words, tell me when you were born and where you were born.

Mr. Easley: I was born on March 16, 1919, in Newport, Oregon-- same place I live now (chuckle).

Dr. Marcello: Tell me a little bit about your education.

Mr. Easley: Well, I went through grade school, high school, five years in college, plus sixty-four more hours. So I

was up close to a doctorate. But I decided not to get in anybody else's way and take a seat because I didn't have any reason for it. I'm getting to the place where I wouldn't be working anymore at that.

Marcello: At the time that you entered the Navy, what was the extent of your education?

Easley: High school graduate.

Marcello: And when did you enter the Navy?

Easley: On September 14, 1937

Marcello: Why did you decide to enter the service in 1937?

Easley: Why did I go in? Well, I grew up in a military background. My father was in the horse cavalry with ol General Pershing down there chasing Pancho Villa. Then he put two hitches in the Coast Guard. One of them was to pay for his eighty-acre homestead--if you had military service, you got credit for that. My brother left school in the tenth grade, I believe it was, because he got in a beef with the electrical teacher. Both of them are hotheaded Irishmen. So my brother went to sea in the Merchant Marine. All of us had this wanderlust for the sea (chuckle) I went with him to the Merchant Marine hall one day, and actually the Department of Commerce, I believe it was, at that time. Anyway, I signed up for the Merchant Marine. I came down to visit my dad at Newport--I enlisted up in Portland--and he said, "What's this getting into the

Merchant Marines stuff? Boy, if you want to go to sea, you go in the Navy! They got a good, clean place to live, and you get good food, and you get a pension. Those things were not too good in the Merchant Marine, of course, so that's why I went in. I wanted to do something like that --join the Navy and see the world. The old battleship Oregon was there in Portland, and we used to go aboard it and look around it all the time. The last time I saw it, it was sitting in Guam all ripped to pieces (chuckle)

Marcello: You mentioned that you joined the service in 1937. The country was still in a depression at that time. Did economics have any bearing on your decision to enter the service?

Easley: No, it definitely didn't. I wanted to be a mechanical engineer. At that time our counselors were probably a teacher who was fairly interested in you--we didn't really have much of a system like that. He said, "Oh, they got all kinds of engineers. They're stuffed full of them. There's no chance for a job as an engineer. That was probably so at that time, but, of course, by the time I had finished, I would have been (chuckle) really ready to do something big for the war. That was far away from any kind of a war at that time.

Marcello: When you enlisted in the Navy in 1937, how long an enlistment was that?

Easley: Four years.

Marcello: Four years. Would you have gone in under what was called the minority cruise?

Easley: No, I don't think they had that at that time. Maybe, but I don't think so. This was four years. I think it was afterwards that they had that.

Marcello: Where did you take your boot camp?

Easley: San Diego Naval Training Station.

Marcello: Was there anything eventful that happened in boot camp that you think we need to get as part of the record, or was it the normal Navy boot camp?

Easley: Well, the usual things, and I guess I was in the stumble squad. We fell over ourselves. All of us tall guys had problems like that. I used to carry the butt of my rifle and turn around and hit the guy with the muzzle. We were doing the four abreast maneuvers--we don't do those anymore--in the squad. But I thought that was interesting. It was my turn one day when we'd pull all these companies up for mess time--at noon--there was this huge bell there in San Diego, and somebody was anointed to go up and ring the bell, you know, eight bells at noon. So I go up--and the chief was talking; the chief was right next to God (chuckle)--and there was this lanyard with a ball of brass on it almost as big as a grapefruit. That was hanging on the handle to ring the big clappers up in there. So I took this rope, and

I tapped out eight bells on the side of the bell with that little piece. He turns, "You! What are you doing there?" He says, "You got to play that loud! He says, "Do that again! I did and he said, "Much more louder! And I beat the hell out of it that time. The next thing you know, there's a rapid ringing of the ship's bell that calls the fire department, and the Marine detachment comes tearing up there. "What's going on here?" The captain came up in his sedan and wondered what was going on. (Chuckle) The chief just kind of disappeared into the ranks there (laughter) They didn't do anything to me, being a recruit (chuckle) You could do anything stupid.

Marcello: How long did boot camp last at that time?

Easley: I think it was twelve weeks--three months--there.

Marcello: And where did you go from boot camp?

Easley: Well, I took tests there, and they found that I had a mechanical characteristic. I went to the Group Three School in Norfolk, Virginia. To get there we rode on the old Vega, which looked like a merchant ship. Actually, it was a kind of a transport or cargo carrier. It was a Hog Island ship which was made in World War I. They had a whole series of those. They were notorious for being a bad ship structurally. Anyway, we'd run down along the coast of Mexico and broke down and had to put canvas up between the booms. We sailed along for a

ways, probably at two or three knots. We went through Panama and up to Cape Hatteras. That's where we really hit a bad storm. When we went to Guantanamo Bay en route, we picked up some aircraft and loaded them up on the deck up there--forward. We got off Cape Hatteras, and we hit a vicious storm. It blasted two planes overboard. We finally got out of there. Boy, I figured I was a real "salt" by then.

I went through that school. I wasn't used to the things in the South. One of the things that really bothered me, being an Oregonian, is that we didn't have any black folks around anywhere near us. I was in the sickbay one day--I got the flu or something--and this little black sailor goes over--another recruit--and starts drinking out of the drinking fountain. I don't know what you refer to them as (chuckle)--rednecks or something--but the guy rushes over and says, "Get away from that fountain! That's for the white boys! I said, "That's for all the sailors! And I got in a big fight with this guy. He got his friends around, and he says, "This guy doesn't understand. He loves these niggers! That's what he called them. I said, "That's a hell of a way to talk to somebody. Over in Oregon we don't have that problem. He said, "Well, you don't have any of them living there. You know, it was really interesting. That was my first contact with that little

deal.

Marcello: You mentioned that you went to a Group Three School there in Norfolk. For the record, what is a Group Three School?

Easley: Well, as I recall, you were either learning woodworking, metalworking, or machine working. Metalworking would be pipefitting and sheet metal work and that sort of thing.

Marcello: And in your case it involved woodworking?

Easley: Yes. I was interested in woodworking. I learned all those three eventually, but at that time, I took the woodworking.

Marcello: So how long did that school last?

Easley: I think it was six months.

Marcello: When you came out of that school, what sort of a rank or rating would you have?

Easley: Well, I was a seaman second class by then.

Marcello: And you were striking for a carpenter's mate eventually?

Easley: Well, I made it out of there, and I hitchhiked clear across the United States to San Diego. I was supposed to go aboard the Dolphin, which was an error. The Dolphin would be a submarine. Somebody typed it wrong. So I was late getting in where I was supposed to be. I figured, "Boy, how can they make me any lower!" (Chuckle) So I finally found I was supposed to go on the Dobbin, and the chief took me down there to make sure I got on the right boat. I went aboard the Dobbin,

and normally you would go in the deck force, and you would scrub and holystone the deck and put sand and all that stuff over the decks. I managed to become a striker in the carpenter shop.

Marcello: How did that come about?

Easley: Well, I don't know. Well, they looked at my record where I'd been to school, I guess, and they made the decision on that. They had invested all that money in me (chuckle)

Marcello: When was it that you went aboard the Dobbin? What year?

Easley: I think it was in 1938. It was the wintertime when we were in Norfolk, Virginia, and it was icy cold there. So it had to be early in 1938. It was maybe in the spring.

Marcello: Describe for me some of the kinds of skills or functions that the Dobbin would perform as a destroyer tender. You know, those ships fascinate me because of all the various skilled personnel aboard. Describe some of the things that were aboard the Dobbin.

Easley: I was just talking to a fellow last night about that. He wanted to know what we did on there. As an example, if a part broke on a destroyer, we'd repair it. We'd go out and service some of the other ships, too. We had the pig metal in the bottom of the bilge. We had to get down there and muscle it all up--of course, no elevators--those big slugs of brass, copper, whatever.

Then we'd melt that in the foundry, and the patternmakers made patterns of this piece. We'd cast it and then take it down to the machine shop and machine it, oil it up, and put it on. You know, that was amazing.

We had an optical shop up on topside. I went up there one day, and I was very interested in really important things like that. Important is the wrong word. It was a higher class of thing than cutting and chopping. I went up there, and I had dust on me (chuckle), and they said, "Don't come in here! They had an air lock in there, so it was very much like a computer location now--very sanitary. It was fascinating. They were repairing and working on the optical sights on the cannons.

Then we had one ol' guy who had a steel bench and a vise and a few tools, and they always brought all these valves to him. He would grind the seats back and fit them up. The reason I mentioned him is because at the Pearl Harbor attack he caught me. I'm jumping ahead. We can come back to him if you want to remember that far.

We had a metalsmith shop which seemed to do all the copper tubing, probably six-inchers. These destroyers had a maze of piping down inside of them. They would heat this tubing. Well, they filled it full of sand and

put wooden plugs in each end. That's why I used to get involved, because I used to make the plugs for them on a lathe. They'd fill it full of sand, then plug it, then heat it over a little burner until it was red hot, and then form these curves. If one was damaged or had lost a lot of its original shape or was wearing out, why, they would make a new one on the deck there. It was amazing.

Of course, we had a blacksmith shop right next to the carpenter shop, and they had a big steam press in there which could mash huge hunks of steel. They were about eight inches square or something like that, and you could mash them down, flatten them out, and make big hooks and this sort of thing.

Next to us we had a bakery shop. They had a big room there to store the bread in. Then, of course, we had a first class pharmacy and a little hospital area on the ship. The destroyer guys that were ill and came aboard for treatment, why, they would be put in the hospital on the Dobbin.

Marcello: The point is, if a ship like the Dobbin were ever to go down, it would be a tremendous loss because of all the skilled personnel aboard a ship like that.

Easley: Yes, absolutely. Yes, they could do just about anything reasonable in the mechanical trades. Of course, we carried supplies. We had freezer facilities. We kept

food for them on there. Of course, we had all the can goods stuff. We had torpedoes in the catacombs down there. I think there were over a hundred of them down in there at the time of the Pearl Harbor attack, which is a bad load to be hauling around (chuckle) We carried "ash cans" for destroyers. We had these depth charge racks on the ship, so we carried, I think, 300. I'm not sure about these numbers because that wasn't my trade, but I used to go look in there. I had a friend, a torpedoman, and he showed me all this intricate mechanism down there. That was another very interesting thing, seeing all these pieces fit together and how they ran underwater. I was impressed with that. We carried a massive amount of 5-inch rounds for them--5-inch/.38 guns. The torpedoes were kind of trundled through a little hole in the side of the ship on the starboard side--a little hatch in the lower head.

Marcello: I've seen some pictures of the Dobbin, and it's a fairly large ship, is it not?

Easley: Yes. I can't remember the tonnage of it, but it was a pretty good size.

Marcello: When did it go out to Pearl Harbor on a permanent basis?

Easley: Well, permanent's a neat word because we were supposed to go there with the Hawaiian Detachment. We were in San Diego--and I think that was in October, 1939--and at the time the idea was to go out there and do a show of

force and cause the Japanese to think twice. That was kind of the scuttlebutt around. Of course, we weren't privy to that information. We were going to go there for ninety days, as I recall, so we left our cars sitting on the parking lot. I had an old 1927 Nash Roadster--another guy and I owned that together. It was a good ol' car. I came back long afterwards--four years later--(chuckle) and all the cars were gone! I go down there to the San Diego Police, and I say, "What happened to our cars?" "We don't know anything about that. Where was that?" "Oh, it was a long time ago. It's disappeared. The only people that got their cars were the ones that managed to get theirs aboard.

Marcello: I was talking to a fellow last night who had enough time in the Navy and enough rank that he was able to get his car aboard the Dobbin, and, of course, it went out to Pearl Harbor with him. But in your particular case, that's the last you ever saw of your car (chuckle)?

Easley: Yes, yes.

Marcello: I thought that was interesting that they would haul cars aboard the Dobbin and take them out to Pearl Harbor.

Easley: Well, we had a big, long forecastle there--a big, open, clear deck and booms there--and you'd just hoist them aboard in cargo nets. Lay the cargo nets, drive it on, hook the ends, pick her up, set her down, drive it off, park them up tight, and don't bend the roof in

(chuckle) Some guys had motorcycles. There were quite a few of those on there.

Marcello: What did you think about the idea of going to the Hawaiian Islands?

Easley: Well, I thought it was kind of neat. I thought it was only ninety days, first off. We were cheerful about that--go out there and soak the sun up. I always wanted to go there. It went on and on and on, of course. We did a lot of drilling, practicing, preparing. My enlistment ran out on September 14, 1941. I guess I really can't tell you the dates of it, but I think it's an old 1865 Navy regulation that says, as I recall it, "Any seaman carried past his enlistment will be released in thirty days after the ship contacts the continental U.S. That's a real "Catch-22. If a launch doesn't go back to the continental U.S., which doesn't include Hawaii and Alaska at that time, you wouldn't get out. We stayed. I didn't mind that too much because I thought I might make a career out of it. But it was interesting that some of the guys really got riled up about that.

Marcello: So in your particular case, your enlistment was actually up in September of 1941, but because the ship had not touched the continental United States, according to this old Naval regulation you were still essentially in the Navy?

Easley: Yes.

Marcello: And you would not get out until when?

Easley: Until the ship went back to the United States-- continental U.S.

Marcello: I've never heard of that before.

Easley: Yes, they must have dug real hard to find that one. I've never bothered to look that up, but it's interesting.

Marcello: I guess chances are, considering what happened on December 7, you would have been recalled anyhow.

Easley: Well, I suppose, yes.

Marcello: Okay, what was your reaction when you were informed of this?

Easley: Well, I thought it was just kind of common. There weren't too many guys, I don't think, on the Dobbin that had that problem. In the whole group that was in the harbor, which was a vast amount of ships, I think there were probably roughly 1,000 people involved. Something like that--1,000 to 1,200.

Marcello: So I guess what I don't understand is, suppose the Dobbin would be out there for several years.

Easley: Which it was.

Marcello: .would that mean that your enlistment would keep going on?

Easley: Yes, I guess it would. Yes, it was a pretty firm law. There was no doubt about it. You'd have stayed on

there.

Marcello: So the Dobbin did go out there in 1939, and it essentially did stay out there, did it not?

Easley: Yes.

Marcello: It never returned to the States certainly up to 1941.

Easley: It was the longest ship tour of any ship in the Navy, I think, outside the U.S.

Marcello: So what did you do? Did you eventually decide to ship over?

Easley: Well, after the major problem the first morning there, I went over in the afternoon and went by the executive officer's office--a nice guy--and I said, "Well, I guess I'll reenlist. Three or four of my friends said, "Jeez, Easley, you're plain stupid! This will be over in two weeks! I'd been reading a little bit, and I didn't believe that at all. I don't remember exactly what I said to them, but it probably had a lot of profanity in it. I said, "Anybody that has the guts enough to come all the way over to Pearl Harbor (which was the hornet's nest of the U.S. Navy) and attack us must have something going for them. And they were very successful. I said, "It will take a hell of a lot more than two weeks. I could have extended it four years. I remember we could do that. So I just signed for four more years. Finally, when they got through with the paperwork, it turned out to be December 10. The next

day, on the 8th, is when they started my paperwork, so I had to wait until December 10, 1945, to get out (chuckle) even though I was on the beach in Bremerton Navy Yard waiting to get out. Everyone else was gone because they had signed up to serve until the end of the war--for the duration of the war. As soon as it was over in August, well, they could leave. So I had to hack it out there for the rest of the time up to December.

Marcello: Okay, let's go back and talk about your functions aboard the Dobbin as a carpenter's mate. You had been to this Group Three School, and I assume from that point on, once you got aboard the Dobbin, all of your training was what we would refer to as on-the-job-training.

Easley: Yes. Most of it, yes. Added on, yes.

Marcello: How would you describe the on-the-job-training that you received aboard the Dobbin there under the supervision of the senior petty officers?

Easley: Well, as an example, we built a little boat while we were in this Group Three School--a little skiff, a little sailboat actually, about ten or twelve feet long, something like that. So, anyway, one of the things that right off I had was a job working on a whaleboat, which is about thirty-five feet long, and replacing planking that had been bashed on the side. I don't recall very much training in the school about how to replace these

planks. They are tapered. They are fatter in the middle and tapered on each end, because it's a double ended boat. "Jeez, how in the hell are we going to figure this out?" So I found out how to do that.

Marcello: In other words, they would start you out more or less at the simpler kinds of tasks and then gradually build you up to more complex operations.

Easley: Yes. I was already familiar with this. My father had a plumbing and heating business, and he was involved with knocking out studs and stuff to put his pipe in. I was quite used to woodworking, as a matter of fact, and I also learned that in high school. So between that and all these other things, I attacked any kind of woodwork we had on there. That included replacing teak decks on the Dobbin, where some bolts had rusted through or something or the deck had got rotten here and there. I did that, and I repaired all the boats. In the admiral's barge, I put a new teak deck on that with this beautiful king board in the middle and all these little inch-and-a-half pieces on there--looked real nice. I made what I thought was more than enough boxes for people to get transferred with (chuckle) All the officers were wanting a wooden box to put their stuff in. They had more than a sea bag full, unlike the "swabbies" (chuckle)

Marcello: How slow or fast was promotion in that rating prior to

the coming of war?

Easley: Well, one thing I noticed is that there were quite a few second class carpenter's mates, and they looked pretty older than me--quite a bit older. I thought, "Gee! As I got to know them, I said, "How long you been in?" They said, "Oh, eight years. There were first class who during the war would have been super chiefs, of course, real soon. You could wait eighteen months or so between ratings.

The chief didn't like me for some reason. He probably thought I was a smart aleck, because I did know how to do the math and things and some of those fellows didn't. I noticed fairly soon that there were probably groups of people that came in the Navy and had a choice of going to jail or going in the Navy or they just got in the Navy because they were off a farm or something. Some of them really didn't have much education. Of course, I went through high school because my father said, "Get back in there or else! And I'm glad he did. The chief we had, for instance, couldn't really handle the mathematics. When he would try to figure out board measure, he couldn't do that. I'll always remember that. I didn't dislike him, but he had his friends.

When I went on there, I slept in a hammock in the shop. We lived in these very shops. There was hooks up on there, and the lowest sailor on, why, you slept in

the hammock. Eventually, I got a cot. I had my regular mattress issued to me in the first place, so I slept out on the main deck, just outside the carpenter shop underneath the bench--on this cot. Every morning you got up and rolled up your bedding and your cot and took it down and put it in the storage down where we ate our food down there. Those with more rank--the first and second class petty officers--they slept in the shop on their cots. The chief's quarters were different. That was an interesting thing. I noticed right away that the chiefs had a special food and a special little place to be and their own little wardroom to relax in. I said, "Well, that's for me. I want to aim for that. That really came over me like that.

Marcello: During that period, is it not true that you had to take examinations to advance, and there also had to be openings?

Easley: Definitely I took the exam a number of times and and passed it and never heard anything about it. I always wondered why that was. At first they wouldn't even let me take the test. "You're not ready for it. I heard that so many times. Finally, one day the chief says, "Well, I guess you can take the test. I whipped that right out for third class petty officer. I never became a first class seaman. If you're on deck, you would have gone to second class seaman, first class seaman, and on

to petty officer I passed the test, and it was a long wait.

Marcello: What was your rank at the time of the Pearl Harbor attack?

Easley: I must have been carpenter's mate second.

Marcello: Carpenter's mate second class?

Easley: Yes. Yes, which was fairly low on the totem pole (chuckle), depending on how many new recruits were coming in the shop that you could push around (chuckle)

Marcello: Now as one gets closer and closer to December 7, and as conditions between the two countries continued to deteriorate, could you in your position detect any changes at all in the routine of the Dobbin or in the activities of the destroyers that tied up to the Dobbin?

Easley: Yes, it was involved with the work we were doing. I noticed that right away We had a Lieutenant Commander Skinner He was really a pretty sharp ol boy He was in charge of all the repairs. He was the repair officer. So he goes in the carpenter shop and picks out a few of us, and he says, "Why don't you come up with us. The chief was busy, and he says, "Oh, just come with me. We go up on the upper deck, which would be the boat deck, and that's where the officers' wardroom was. He looks at it, and he says, "Do you think you can get all these teakwood shutters [little louvered shutters] on the portholes out of there without wrecking

them?" "Yeah, we can get them out of there. Yes, sir! So we took them out. They wanted to use them somewhere else, I guess--over in the beach or something. Anyway, we get them all out. There used to be a nice wind blowing through there and cooling the place, and the officers were all barking that they didn't like that at all. They used to get on us when we were taking the wood out, because we were doing something wrong (chuckle) We kept right on with our work because we had our orders, but these guys were nibbling at us all the time. Different ensigns and lieutenants around there, mostly the ensigns, were making a lot more noise than they should. Then they put quarter-inch steel plate in there and welded it up. That was the shipfitters' business. The welders picked that part up. They ground them off and painted them. This was a real serious change. Skinner was looking way out ahead.

I wasn't really paying any attention to the political part of it. I have to say that. We perceived the Japanese as being a long ways off, actually. When we went downtown on liberty, we didn't perceive the Japanese who were living there as being the enemy or anything like that.

Marcello: So what you're saying is, then, that they were making preparations for war, even aboard the Dobbin, and evidence of this was the fact that they took down these

wood shutters and replaced them with steel plating.

Easley: Yes, when he came up there, he says, "You guys doing all right here? You having any problems?" I said, "Well, I'd like to tell you something. I'm standing right there with these ensigns, but I said, "It kind of bothers us that we're trying to do our work, and they're just chewing on us for taking that on. He says, "You damned fools! He just slaps a tirade on these officers. He says, "What I'm trying to do is cut down the shrapnel coming in here! Well, he just really told them, and we went away to laugh somewhere else. I thought that was pretty good (chuckle)

The other is that we were modifying the destroyers--altering things and making them more seaworthy. For instance, there was a whole series of destroyers that had round portholes--brass portholes with glass in them and sealed covers--down below the main deck. We had to take those all out and weld these little disks in the holes. That was a steady job. The welders and the shipfitters had all these little disks, and they'd lug them down there, and they'd weld them in after they'd removed the other part. The carpenter's mates were involved in metalworking, too, and they just kind of mixed in like that. As a matter of fact, they call them hull technicians now, and they have to do all that kind of work. It's all a big mess. They are going back to

the old system, I understand.

But this was one of the changes, and the other thing was that we started removing the after mast on them-- pulled that whole mast out of there.

Marcello: On the destroyers?

Easley: Yes. Some of the destroyers had kind of a single .5-inch/.38 fore and aft, and some had double barrels sticking out of the turret. Some of them had a .5-inch midships, and this mast was in the way. When you were swinging it around--traversing--why, there was a form that caused the muzzle to go up above so you wouldn't blow your own mast away. Somebody decided, of course, that it was in the way of our own gunfire, so we'd hoist the mast up out of there. I remember that there was always some pennies under the bottom of the mast out of that suspicion thing: when you build a ship, you put in pennies before you set the mast down. There were pennies and nickels and stuff. So we hoisted those out of there with one of the booms on the ship and floated it out on a barge alongside.

The other thing that we saw happening, on the Dobbin especially, was we started to jettison things on there that weren't on there when it was originally built. It was like a home--you just add on and add on--and it was getting deeper in the water. We went out with some destroyers on a little drill one time, and the thing was

sluggish. That was another thing, I think, that Skinner was involved in. We took tons and tons of stuff off. There were extra shelves that someone had welded on to put stuff on. All those little things mounted up to many tons. This thing kept coming up out of the water, and they couldn't believe it. It had green weeds on it there. I think we must have reduced it probably about two feet as it came up out of the water. It was kind of a laugh when we realized what we had done.

Marcello: How old was the Dobbin?

Easley: It was built in 1924 on the East Coast.

Marcello: I'm curious about something you mentioned earlier. When they put the mast on, you were mentioning that for good luck they put pennies or coins on the base or in the base?

Easley: Yes, there was a little socket down by the keel that the mast goes clear through. It just doesn't sit on the deck; it goes clear down through and sits down in there. It's got fitting around it as it goes through various decks, so it wouldn't leak around there. Pulling it out of there was a chore. We could have just burned them off at the deck, but they took them out of there. Maybe the idea was that they'd put them back in later or something.

Marcello: I'd never heard that. In one of the other interviews that I've conducted, the person mentioned that in those

days and weeks immediately prior to the attack, the destroyers would have to have their supplies of depth charges replenished. Evidently, they had been dropping depth charges at real or imagined submarines outside the harbor. Do you recall that?

Easley: Yes, they were dropping them. At that time sonar wasn't all that good, and they would pick up on fish and things, but they were getting tuned up on it all the time. They also started putting the full amount of ammunition and things aboard them. The Dobbin had enough stuff on there. It'd go away with a whole division of destroyers, so we had enough stuff to replenish them at any time. I think we had--I'm not sure--about 40,000 rounds of .5-inch ammunition stored down below.

Marcello: Let me ask you about something else that's come up in several of the interviews. Sometime during that period prior to the attack, your skipper disappeared, isn't that correct?

Easley: Yes, Captain Paddock.

Marcello: Describe for me what you know about Captain Paddock and his disappearance.

Easley: I think that was his name. We had quite a few different captains. Well, as I understand it--I didn't talk to him about it--the old guy was kind of an archaeologist. He believed that there were stone roads, much like the

Roman roads, going around up on the mountains, that the Hawaiians had built long ago, which wouldn't be for any wheel thing necessarily, but fairly narrow stone paths like roads. He would go up there and just scout around for them. That was the story, anyway. Who knows what he was going up there for?

There was a sort of a tense feeling of some people that the Japanese were spying on us from up in the hills. Now that was also scuttlebutt. The Japanese could come there, if they wanted to, from the homeland, of course, but I didn't perceive the local Japanese being involved in that. I just couldn't go for that. I mean, I perceived them all as Americans. The Japanese came there often. Once they came there with their training ship right there in Honolulu, and, boy, they were haughty and looking around. I thought, "Hmm. (chuckle) But the captain was interested in that--not that I had any time to talk to him or anything (chuckle) He didn't have any time to talk to me.

He would dress up with his hiking clothes and go ashore and come back afterwards. It was kind of like a little outing for him--something to do, something he liked to do. It wasn't anything different from the sailors going over and getting their "civvies" on and going horse riding. I remember one time Commander Skinner says, "There's nothing worse and that looks like

hell than a bunch of sailors riding on horses in your uniforms! That's what he was trying to tell us. In those days we always wore our uniforms. Sometimes we had a locker on the beach and kept some dungarees there so we could wallow in the dirt or play ball or whatever without getting your uniform dirty (chuckle) I used to ride horses a lot there, so I could understand why he would want to do that.

But apparently he didn't report back, and, again, we didn't ask why because, after all, he was a captain, and he could come and go as he wanted to. Over a period of time, they concluded that something had happened to him. Then they sent out a substantial amount of people off the Dobbin, and we went up there searching where they thought he would be. I think the Marine Corps must have probably brought 200 people in there, something like that, looking and beating the brush. It kept on for quite a while, and finally it just faded out. Nothing was ever found or heard of him. Just a few days ago I heard somebody say that they found his body buried in the cane breaks. I don't know how valid that might be-- somebody's guess.

Marcello: Were you personally involved in the search?

Easley: No. I had an appointment in the sickbay to have my legs worked on. A chief asked me if I could go, and I said, "I'll go see the doctor and ask him if I can go on this

hike. The doctor said, "I want you in here. I have to work on your varicose veins today! It's the second time I told you! He was an old commander. He came in the shop, and he told the chief what he thought about that.

Marcello: How did the liberty routine work for you aboard the Dobbin during that pre-Pearl Harbor period?

Easley: Well, I think we had probably four sections--one section aboard and three ashore if you wanted to go. That was after 4:00.

Marcello: And then when did you have to be back aboard again? The next morning or did you have to go back at midnight?

Easley: Well, for quite a while we could come back at 8:00 in the morning and be there for muster, but gradually that changed, too. We had to be back by midnight.

Marcello: Was that because of the influx of all of the people coming into the island, do you think?

Easley: Yes, you could see more and more military showing up all the time. In fact, it was really nice when you first went there because people invited us up to their homes, and we went to luaus and hula programs and really mixed with the people. It was very interesting to me. I used to go over to the library in Honolulu, and I met a lot of people there. I got acquainted with a lot of real fine people. Many times they invited me over to their places. Once I fixed a guy's shower valve for him. He thought I was a genius (chuckle) For years after that

I corresponded with him.

Well, gradually, when you went down to Honolulu, why, it was just packed solid with Army and Marine Corps and Navy and what-have-you. The Coast Guard was there, too.

Marcello: And there were only two hotels along Waikiki at that time, weren't there? Just the Moana and the Royal Hawaiian?

Easley: Yes, and the Royal Hawaiian was more or less kind of off limits to enlisted people. First off, we didn't have the money. We could find places to stay, which were rooming houses, if we wanted to stay overnight. Some of them had cots in them. As the rooms overflowed, the guy had a string cots down the hall with a blanket and a pillow on them. That was his idea of letting us stay overnight for a modest sum. It was all right.

Marcello: When you went on liberty, what did you do? What was your standard routine?

Easley: Well, most of my friends were all guys who were used to being in the brush and things like that, so we rode horses and went pig hunting and got acquainted with some Hawaiians, who later got in the Navy (chuckle). One of them was. .I think his name was "Steamboat. He had another name, of course, but his code name was "Steamboat. He was a huge, big Hawaiian. The real Hawaiians, I mean, the full-blooded Hawaiians, were much

different than the mixture of all these groups. There is an incredible mixture there. There were little Portuguese valleys of mostly Portuguese-Hawaiian people living there, and some Italian groups. It was rather interesting. It was like these people had come there and developed a little area--their little settlement--that became part of Honolulu, of course. This Hawaiian would take us out to Honumu Bay, which was a ride out on the ol trolley as far as you could go, and then we'd hike the rest of the way. It seemed like four or five miles. There was never anyone there (chuckle). It was a big horseshoe bay. You'd go down there, and you'd swim out, and you'd go down there and dive down real deep and come up with these lobsters. So we cooked them in a bucket (chuckle). We had a lot of fun. We swam around there and spear-fished. We didn't have snorkels or anything like that, but just wooden goggles. We made them in the shop and put glass in them (chuckle).

Marcello: And this was at Honumu Bay?

Easley: Yes.

Marcello: Of what significance were Hotel and Canal Streets?

Easley: That's where all the whorehouses were, if I recall. We used to take people off the ship and send them on Shore Patrol when it was your turn. I had a kind of interesting happening. I was paired off with a Honolulu policeman. At that time the MPs or Shore Patrol only

had a nightstick. We didn't really seem to have the force of a police officer packing a pistol, and so we went in groups like that. I guess it was a matter of kind of phasing them in. See, eventually, the military controlled it. That's all there was to it. So I'm walking along with this Portuguese-Hawaiian policeman--he'd obviously been in the service for quite a while, in the police department--and we were walking up one of these alleys. He kind of just looked around off to one side, and he walks on the other side, and he kind of eased off a little further. Then he looks up, and I thought, "What's he looking for?" He said, "Hey, keep your eyes open around here, kid. Finally, he starts nudging me a little bit, and I kept moving away from him. He gets me right under a window, and some gal up there sloshes out her wash can--throws it off on me (chuckle) It was Lysol or some disinfectant and what-have-you (chuckle) I was afraid I'd get germs. There was plenty of them [prostitutes] there.

Marcello: I guess once the fleet came out there on a permanent basis, there evidently were long lines to get in those various places.

Easley: Yes. There was a news writer--had a little column in a little bulletin--and he wrote these nice little articles often involved with service people. They were very friendly articles. I never will forget the one I

recall. He wrote about this terrible action that came about. It was two dollars for a gal, and they raised it to three dollars. He made an elaborate article on that, that that was the most unruly thing to do and it was going against what the belief was of the government and the good things that sailors were doing; and it was anti-American and on and on (chuckle) I think his name was Fagan. I'm not sure. I think he became a writer in Portland, Oregon, for the Oregonian.

Marcello: Okay, this brings us into those days immediately prior to the attack, and, of course, we want to go into this in as much detail as you can remember. Recall for me, if you will, what your routine was on Saturday, December 6, 1941. Do you remember what you were doing that day?

Easley: Oh, yes. I had the duty that day. The reason I was on duty on December 7 is because another guy wanted to go to church on the beach--the Catholic church--and so I took his section. In other words, I stood by for him while he went ashore. You could do that.

Marcello: So you actually had the duty on the 6th, and then you stood by for a guy on the 7th.

Easley: Yes, that's why I happened to be there two days in a row.

Marcello: Was there anything eventful that happened aboard the ship on that Saturday?

Easley: Well, Saturday was a slowing down time, you know. We

worked really hard. It wasn't unusual for people to be working at 8:00 or 9:00 or 10:00 at night to get something done. As compared to San Diego, when we were there, all the married guys shoved off and went home. It was like going to a factory. They went home at 4:00, and the single guys stayed on the ship and cleaned everything up and tidied up after they were long gone. Then we could leave off about 5:00. Then they'd come back in the morning, and we already had cleaned up in the morning by 8:00--at muster. Then here comes the boat with all the married guys. They hadn't even changed their clothes yet. There's a whole story about that.

So on Saturday we got our beans and cornbread. Once in a while we had corned beef and cabbage and things like that. It was kind of a New England breakfast on Saturdays. I always thought the food was pretty good. I remember the Depression, so it wasn't really hard for me to see that it was pretty good food (chuckle). Some of the guys complained about it, but I thought we were nourished plenty good. I liked all the food on there, except the grits and stuff for the guys from the South. We had a day when we had that (chuckle), because the ship was on the East Coast for a while.

It was a routine day. You could work on your own and stuff. I think that I was probably building a box

for somebody to move his stuff in. I was working that. There were times when you could work on your own scrimshaw or your own. they had another name for making something for yourself or to give to your girlfriend or something--a little chest or something. I was making one about fourteen inches long with a little mirror in the lid. I think I might have been working on that. There were some small jobs that the chief would have sticking on a clip there, and as soon as you got those done, unless somebody else showed up, that was enough work to keep you busy at least half the day. Some were all day long, but I used to get right on the job. Not that I was any "whiz-bang, but I thought that was the best way to get rid of it.

Was there anything eventful that happened aboard ship that night, or again was it routine?

I think it was more routine. I don't recall anything. We stayed in the carpenter shop. Of course, we had films. We were off the one end of Ford Island, and there is an airstrip there, so the planes would come over lots of times when our film was on. They'd come flying right over the top of us, and everything would go out of sync when we were trying to watch the film. So we had films on there--up on the deck--in the evening. No, I don't recall anything unusual, really. A few guys came back "grogged up.

Marcello: How much of a problem was heavy drinking or drunkenness aboard a ship such as the Dobbin on a weekend?

Easley: We had a whole bunch of married men on there. They eventually brought their wives to live in Honolulu or various little annexes to Honolulu. They were more or less, as you might say, civilized. There weren't that many young fellows on there, I don't think, that went over and got "grogged up. Most of them had enough sense to keep their brew under control. Once in a while we had somebody come aboard just "plastered. I got "bent out of shape" a few times. The Marines at the gate--you had to go through the Navy Yard and out through the Marine gate--kind of sorted you out there.

Marcello: You would have to take a launch, I gather, to get from the Dobbin to the beach. Is this correct?

Easley: Yes, you got on the launch, and then we'd go over and land, I think, at Ten-Ten Dock. Anyway, there was a place there for the boats to come alongside. They had this low enough so that you could step out right off of the boat. We had a fifty-foot motor launch, which would hold 200 men--a lot of thwarts and seats in them. You'd get off there, and you'd hike over to the Navy Yard entrance and get past the Marines. There was a bus there. The civilian buses quit coming into the Navy Yard. I think at the time, eventually, we had to get out there and pick up the bus at the gate, which meant

hiking through the Navy Yard. When you came back, though, if you had a pint or something hiding in your waistband and they noticed that, they were pretty critical about that. They had this little hickory stick, and they'd say, "Hey, sailor, how are you?" SMASH! And this was running down around your crotch, and you had glass in your drawers (chuckle) I remember that several times. This one Marine said, "Do you have liquor?" He said, "Open your shirt there! And I said, "Well, we call it a blouse. I pulled it up, and he pulls the bottle out of there, and he says, "I'm glad I didn't break that. This is the kind I use.

Okay, this brings us into that Sunday morning of December 7, and, again, we want to go into as much detail here as you can remember. Give me your routine as it unfolded on Sunday, December 7 from the time you got up until the attack actually started.

Well, we had reveille. We didn't have a bugle around there, no P.A. system, so the boatswain would go around and whistle at each shop. He'd whistle down through the hatches, saying, "Roll out! Sack up! In the carpenter shop on weekends, if you were on duty, why, you could sleep in the shop because there wasn't any big bunch of people in there. So I had my cot in there. I had rolled up my mattress and blanket and the pillow all in this one roll and put it in the bag. Then the cot has

to be folded up with a line around it so it would stay together and make a tidy bunch. I thought, "Well, I'll take that down. You had to get that down there before mess call came because that's where we ate, or you had to take it down afterwards. On a weekend you could take it down afterwards because you could lay on your cot there on Sunday and lean back on your mattress and read a book or something in there in the shop, unless somebody would come along with some work. Then you'd wind it up and throw it outside to get it out of there. That was the routine on the weekend, so I think I rolled mine up and thought, "Well, I'll take care of that later.

And then came mess call. You'd go down there, and there were ten people sitting at a table on two wooden benches. So I go down and eat and come back up.

I thought, "Well, I had better tidy up my locker. The lockers were in the carpenter's shop, and you'd get sawdust in on your clothes and things like that. If you didn't really cover up your "blues" and things, why, you were always having problems. So I was waiting in there. I had this bottle of stuff in my hand. I recall it as some kind of soy sauce. It looked like it was moldy. I picked it up, and it was standard procedure in those days to throw things over the side. I know the EPA wouldn't like that. We always threw things over the

side. When we left San Diego, we had to go down there and break a bunch of cans out from under us before we got underway. We just threw the junk over the side.

So I walked out, and there was five "tin cans" alongside, and there was a little space because they always moved away and had these big fenders between us. I was getting ready to drop it over the side, and here comes the boatswain charging down the deck. You always go forward on the starboard side and go aft on the port side, and it's kind of a very orderly process. He comes across, goes to the foundry upstream of us, and blows on his pipe [imitates boatswain's pipe]. He sounds "Away Fire and Rescue Party." I could hear him. Then he goes in the blacksmith shop--same thing. It's getting closer and louder. He comes to the carpenter shop--"Away Fire and Rescue Party."

I said, "Let's see now. I'm taking his duty. Oh, I got to bring the cutting torch. The thing must have weighed 250 pounds--this big steel can with all this stuff in there. There was bottles and gas and everything. You couldn't lift it; you just dragged it along the deck. I thought, "Well, I got to go find that! I was taking his duty. He was a welder. I thought, "Well, I think I know where it is. That just clicked in my mind, the first thing, that I'd better get ready for that, because "Away Fire and Rescue Party" means

that you would get in one of our boats with a crew of damage controlmen. We were all trained in putting out fires and patching holes and this sort of thing, especially all the carpenter's mates and metalsmiths. We did that kind of work. We'd go over there and rescue them.

I said, "Where is this?" He said, "Well, there's a big fire on Ford Island! The smoke was building up there because, I guess, the first few shots that were fired. Obviously, they were shooting up the airplanes first thing because the Japanese didn't want them in their way. We didn't know what was burning at all because we couldn't see that far from where we were standing. Somebody said, "Look out there! We were standing there looking right over the rail, and I dropped the damned bottle, and it broke on the deck of a destroyer. I said, "Look there! There's two airplanes there! He said, "What the hell are they drilling on Sunday for?" Then the Japs dropped their torpedoes, and I said, "They got meatballs on 'em! About that instant, two torpedoes, one out of each of them babies, dropped out into the water. One of them went into the Raleigh, I believe, or the Detroit--those were light cruisers, 10,000-ton light cruisers. I saw the ol "fish" hit the water and go underwater. Another one went over toward the Utah. I said, "God, somebody'

attacking us! I said, "I remember reading about those! That's the Japanese planes! I noticed it well--the big orange thing on the side. The boatswain says, "God, you're right! We got to go to General Quarters! So he goes next to the bake shop and sounds General Quarters. Not until years later, when I went to a reunion, this guy said, "You're the son-of-a-bitch that told me that! He goes around the deck and then goes back up to the duty officer, who says, "General Quarters?" He says, "That's not the order I gave you! I gave you Away Fire and Rescue! It's already logged in the book! The logs you can't change or can't erase them. So that guy got in trouble for that, which they forgave him for afterwards. I thought that was interesting. Later on, this guy said he really got ripped up for that.

Marcello: So how long were you out on deck, watching what was taking place?

Easley: Well, we just saw that, and then I think he ran around and .we had these sound power telephones. He must have contacted somebody, because right away the old clanger goes. Then people started shouting. This is like lightning, you know. We just passed the word right and left. The destroyer guys on deck all started paying attention to this. All this buzzing was occurring, too, because the two planes were the other side of the destroyers. Nobody fired at them, of course, because

that was the first two we saw. Apparently, there was a regular hornet's nest of them over toward the other side of the ship from us.

Marcello: Do you have a battle station as such? Did you have an assigned battle station aboard the Dobbin?

Easley: Yes. I was in the damage control group. That would be putting out fires and shoring up holes or anything like that. If we had a bomb drop alongside and it punched in a hole, you'd go down there with mattresses to put on it and shore it up. That's the type of duty that I was assigned to.

Marcello: So when General Quarters sounds, where do you go?

Easley: I was also on the 5-inch/.51 bag gun. That wasn't really clear to me. I think at that time I was probably taken off that and put on the damage control party. As I recall, my job was damage control.

Marcello: And where did you go?

Easley: I went aft to the carpenter shop, and then there's a place you could get across the ship in there at the galley and come out on the other side. The carpenter's mates were in the anchor windlass, I believe, and that was one of the places I was heading for. We would go around there where the gangway was, in other words, where the motor launches were, and I think that's where we hovered--the first place.

Marcello: Are you below decks at this point?

Easley: Up on the main deck.

Marcello: You are still up on the main deck?

Easley: Yes, I walked out of the carpenter shop, passed the bake shop, passed the galley, which kind of went around, and there was a space where you could cross the deck, and I went over there just in time to see the Arizona blow up. I was looking right at it. There was a huge eruption. I said, "Jesus! I was made to believe that they were formidable, you know, not going to fall apart that easy

Marcello: Describe what you saw, since you were out on the main deck. You mentioned that you saw the Arizona blow up. Describe in as much detail what you can remember from what took place over at the Arizona.

Easley: I had no idea what hit it, but all of a sudden it just... a big, kind of reddish-green ball of fire just rolled up out of there. A tremendous explosion or series of explosions erupted. It almost looked like a nuclear release nowadays--just puffing up. It was going up, and it had a lot of force to it. I said, "God! I was already convinced we were attacked. That was in my mind right now, imprinted, when I first saw the torpedoes. I came around there and said, "Oh, these are taking out our battleships! Meanwhile, I still was going around to get this cutting outfit, which was my duty for this other guy.

Marcello: The cutting outfit was for Fire and Rescue Party Is

that correct?

Easley: That's right, yes. And nobody countermanded that order. In the Navy you complete your first orders first. So I still went around there, you know, bull-headed. I wasn't running against the traffic, so I went around that way, and I found the ol' cutting equipment. Another guy helped me pick it up. I said, "I'm standing in!" The guy says, "Well, get it all in the motor launch."

Then we went over to the Raleigh. The Raleigh might have probably been the one that was hit because it was sinking at the dock. It had a lot of lines on there--extra lines. They had cobwebs of lines out there, and it was sinking straight down. In other words, it might hit the bottom before it went out of sight.

Marcello: So you're getting into a launch, and you're going over to the Raleigh. Describe the trip from the Dobbin to the Raleigh.

Easley: Well, we went astern of the Dobbin, in between the Dobbin and Ford Island, and the Raleigh would be off to the west or to the port side of the ship--some distance from there. They were tied up at the dock right at Ford Island. Then all the way over there, I kept looking: "God, there's planes everywhere! I figured out there wasn't any of ours. Everytime you looked around, you saw a Jap plane. Once in a while there'd be a little

"pip, pip, pip" in the water around us. I don't think they were shooting at us particularly, but they were shooting. There was a hell of a lot of gunfire going on. The destroyers alongside were ready to fire, but the Dobbin wasn't.

One of the things we did do. I shouldn't interrupt this particular spiel, I guess. But we had two 3-inch cannons that we could fire at airplanes, but we didn't have any ammunition handy for that. The 5-inch that were on there were horizontal batteries. They weren't any good for shooting planes, so we were really out of business. We had one guy with a .45 on. That was all we had.

We had a handy billy pump, which you'd put a suction in. We pulled up alongside, and the guy says, "We need all the pumps we can get! So they threw a rope out, and they hoisted the ol pump aboard and the suction hose and a length of fire hose because there was smoke pouring out of it. He said, "Thanks a lot! You go on back to your ship now! His job was on there. He knew where it came from, so we left and came back. It was the same old crap again--shooting all over the place. There weren't any bodies around there yet. No one seemed to be swimming anywhere.

Marcello: What was the surface of the water like? Was it beginning to cover with oil where you were?

Easley: No, it was just clean water

Marcello: You weren't close enough to Battleship Row, I guess, where all that was taking place.

Easley: No, that was some distance around the corner there. I picked up a map yesterday down here. It's a pretty good-sized one. In some of the maps and books they show, part of the ships are missing. Those weren't the accurate photos. They weren't photographs of the right time. Well, we got back over there. Then years later I found out that a man was rescued by the fifty-footer--Dobbin fifty-footer--which went over in Battleship Row and picked up people out of the water there. They were all covered with oil and had burns all over them.

Marcello: So what happens when you get back to the Dobbin?

Easley: We went on back there, and, as I recall, since I'd been working on a cannon, why, they said, "Let's get this ammunition up there--the 3-inch ammunition. We got that up there, one up on the forecastle and one on the fantail. We had some practice with it. It was a peculiar weapon. You pushed the round in--it's like the cartridge for a rifle. The powder's in a brass case, so the bullet in the end is like a rifle bullet. You pushed it in, and the breech slid up, and you pushed your hand out of the way, if you were lucky. Then you pulled it back, and it dropped down, and a piece came up. That one you could fire up with. I'm not sure

whether anybody opened fire with that thing yet.

Marcello: Before that, though, you said that you were on a 5-inch/.51 bag gun--which meant that you're talking about a powder bag that had to go in there.

Easley: Yes. That was a dangerous weapon--that bag gun. They backfired once in a while, like the Iowa cannon did recently. Because the silk bag. .you took it out of a metal canister, and that was the first priority--to push that in there. If it ripped or anything--the silk bag--there could be a little piece of fiber that would still be incandescent from the previous round and didn't get blown out of there or flushed out with a bristle brush with a little water on it. You'd light the bag, and the projectile was already in the barrel, so there was only one way to go, and that's right out in your face.

Marcello: Okay, so you get back and you're now trying to get this gun in operation.

Easley: Yes, we just worked on it awhile, and they said, "Well, okay, I guess everything's all right. The gunner's mate sort of took over the whole thing. Meanwhile, the destroyers alongside seemed to be opening a lot of fire. I went down there, and I started thinking more about my regular damage control job instead of this other guy's. So I go back down on the boat deck, which was close to the wardroom. This other guy and I had one of the 5-inch guns launch a round right up in our face

practically This big ball of fire and that blast about deafened me. I managed to get down out of there. I was just going to go down to the sickbay I go down and come back along the deck, and I get to the carpenter shop. It was on the way, so I went in there. We had all kinds of things that we were supposed to start fixing up for (chuckle)

Now, really, there's a kind of obscure period of time there. One of our tasks was to get all the gas masks out. They were the ones in canisters about eighteen inches in diameter--probably steel canisters. We'd tear the top of them off and get everybody with a gas mask. So that's one of the things we do as a damage controlmen because we hadn't been hit yet. So we got the gas masks out and gave them around. I remember this one--either a Filipino or Chinese--officer's messman. I gave him a thing. He put it on and started strangling. He pulled it up tight. He takes it off because he couldn't breathe. On the back of the charcoal canister, there's a tape over all the holes. You've got to take the tape off before you can get any air through that thing. He had had that on, and he was just tearing the thing apart or trying to. These were brand-new ones, and we hadn't used those. The ones we had were World War I gas bags. The gas mask shop was up on the boat deck. There was one guy in there, I think, and he

repaired those all the time. They were worn out things. He used to put patches on them and sew them up again, put cement stuff on like patching a tire. I remember that those were the old ones. So here were these brand-new Mark 3's that fit around your face good. I don't know when those came aboard, but they were fresh. We had those out because we thought we were going to be getting a gas attack. I recall that very sure because it was just acrid. The air was terrible. We couldn't figure out why, and it was all this gun powder blowing off on these "cans" next door. The wind was just wafting it in and sucking it down the blowers. All the guys down below thought they were getting a gas attack.

Marcello: Getting back to those destroyers, which you have mentioned on several occasions, I'm assuming that they perhaps were not in any position to get underway immediately, were they? I assume they were tied up beside you because they were having some sort of repairs or whatever done.

Easley: That's right. Yes, we had parts of their piping out of the engine room. The little guy I was mentioning, who was down below in the machine shop, had a little corner there next to the supply office--just a steel bench and a vice and few tools. He would take these valves apart. That was the only thing he did. He was a little Lithuanian-type guy. He was very quiet. We were trying

to rack up his name yesterday, and no one could seem to remember it. I used to stop and talk to him. He had quite an accent. He was a master at draining valves. That's all, I recall, that he ever did. I happened to be down there--I guess maybe to get these gas masks. Anyway, I had a reason to go down to the supply room. Somebody came down and said, "One of the guys off the destroyer wants this valve. It's their main steam valve, and I got to have it. "No, it's not ready yet. The old guy is so dedicated, and he was working on these valves. I think I recall the message right. The sailor off the destroyer says, "I don't give a damn if it does leak! We're going to have it wide-open from here on! So he wrestles it away from him and packs it back aboard the destroyer, and they probably installed it in minutes. I don't know. Several of them gradually got underway

Marcello: Okay, so what do you do then after you distribute these gas masks? What were you doing then?

Easley: Well, everybody put them on because we thought we were getting a gas attack. Somebody finally came around with a message that it was powder fumes. Especially the people down below, who couldn't see anything, that's where the mystery comes. You get an unusual odor, you know, and you really get nervous, because we didn't know what we were getting. We were already trained in gas

attacks. There was mustard gas, for instance, left from World War I. We had lots of that, but they didn't use that. It was just the gun powder from the 5-inch guns.

Then gradually everybody got settled down. We ate lunch--sandwiches. There was no regular meal. We just had sandwiches. I remember we had this seaman on there --must have been on there eighteen or twenty years but was still a deck seaman. He had been a seaman first class, but then he got busted down to second class. He was "grogged" up, and he was peeing in the waterway, which is un-Christian (chuckle) I said, "What are you doing? Go down to the head!" He said, "I'm not getting any lower in decks than I am right now! I'm getting ready to jump off of here! He wanted to swim for the beach. He wanted to get on the ground. He could see Ford Island off over there half-a-mile away

There was one thing I noticed, after I looked at the Arizona when I was going forward on the starboard side. The Solace, the hospital ship, was between us and the enemy. Those planes seemed to be coming around from that direction. They were coming toward us on our starboard side. These torpedo planes came up here (gesture), and they pulled up over the Solace. They didn't want to slip a torpedo into an all-white ship with a big red cross on it. Anyway, they pulled up over, and they were too high then to get down and launch

the torpedoes. Incidentally, the U.S. Navy was absolutely the "high brains, anyway, were absolutely positive that you couldn't launch a torpedo in Pearl Harbor because it was too shallow. The Japanese already had figured that one out.

Marcello: What did you do the rest of that afternoon then?

Easley: Well, let's see. Oh, yes, we jettisoned the ship. What we had to do was get rid of all of these inflammables. We had been working, but we had boards on there--lots of boards up on the overhead. We had lots of gas cylinders right out on the main deck. A few rounds on those, and they would blow up--oxygen, acetylene, and stuff.

I had been building a pulpit for the chaplain on there. It was a mahogany pulpit with holly that I got from home from my dad (he sent it in the mail) It had white crosses on the side and a big white cross on front made out of white holly wood. It had mahogany with walnut trim around the top where the preacher leans on it. It wasn't finished. One of the guys threw that overboard. I remember that now. I missed that. When we came back in the whaleboat from the Raleigh, I said, "Where's my pulpit?" "Just floating along there! Somebody had pitched it overboard when I wasn't there.

Marcello: So everything that was jettisoned was literally jettisoned over the side.

Easley: That's right. Over the side. Anything that was

essentially flammable stuff. There was quite a bit of it around there. Some guys even threw mattresses overboard, and I said, "Oh, what a stupid thing to do! Some of them just took all of this without even thinking what they were doing. That stuff all got soaked up. There was more debris in that harbor than you could shake a stick at because it was all oily. That went on for months and months afterwards--gathering that stuff up. It was a terrible job.

Marcello: So most of the rest of the afternoon, then, you were in essence jettisoning gear and so on.

Easley: Yes, partly doing that. The other thing was that we were taking aboard casualties. We were immediately taking aboard casualties. They were taking them in boats, not to the naval hospital, which was probably crammed full by then because it was some distance from us. By the time I passed the dry docks, the Cassin, the Downes, and the Pennsylvania down there were blowing up. The Shaw had the whole bow blown off in the dry dock. There were other ships that were much closer to the hospital, and the Dobbin had this facility on there, so they brought these guys. We started packing those aboard.

Marcello: What kind of casualties were you taking aboard?

Easley: Oh, guys with arms and legs off and stuff like that. It might be interesting to talk to a pharmacist's mate,

because I don't know what they did with them. A lot of guys were burned. They were covered with oil, and they had big pieces of skin moving off of them. Their clothes were burned off here and there. Some of them were naked. A lot of us, of course, could have slept in that morning, but I just got up out of habit. I guess I didn't even think about it. But some guys slept in to maybe 8:00 or 8:30 or something like that. When the Arizona blew up, it did flick through my mind. I think they had won the Battle of the Bands. We had something to do in the in-between times. All these bands from different ships were competing to see who had the best band. I think the band on the Arizona was a crack band, and if I'm not mistaken, I think they blew up right on there with it. But I thought about that when I saw the Arizona. My uncle was on the Arizona prior to that. That is another reason that I went into the Navy. He'd tell me all these great stories when I was a kid. So we provided a place down in the machine shop and place like that. These guys slept all over down below and right on the steel plates. We had to get out blankets for them and things like that.

Marcello: Generally speaking, by this time is everything being done in a pretty professional manner aboard the Dobbin, or is there still a lot of chaos and confusion? How would you describe the ship's routine, let's say, later

in the morning and then going into the afternoon and so on?

Easley: Well, I recall that Skinner, the repair officer, was still wearing his slippers. He had on a bathrobe. He had his bathrobe on and his slippers, and he hadn't shaved, but, boy, he was right on the job. He said, "I tried to tell these people! He was certainly right. He was directing things up there. The main thrust was to get these "cans" ready and functional. We weren't involved--the carpenter shop--in that because we didn't have any of their stuff in there. Anything we were making, you could pitch it and it wouldn't have made any difference, I don't think. So we were helping anybody else that was doing these things. They just said, "Go ahead! Come on! I even went around that noon and helped pass out the sandwiches. The guys in the machine shop and the welding shop were frantically putting stuff together, but in a very professional way, though, as you asked. They were just clicking it right off like they ought to be doing. I was impressed with that.

The Japanese came in waves. There would be little quiet areas. We kept wondering where our aircraft were. The Japanese were convinced there was carriers in there, and there weren't any. We had some offshore. We didn't know how close they were, but we couldn't figure out why they didn't show up. "Where's our carriers?" The same

question everybody wanted to know (chuckle)

A couple times we went over in boats and delivered these people that needed surgery or whatever. We got them to the Navy Yard so they could transfer them on to the hospital. The Dobbin didn't have room enough for them. We had a few casualties and took care of them. I think one kid's name was Gross, and everybody called him "Twelve Dozen. I think he got hit right in the spine, and it ripped his spine out. He was a good kid. He was up on the boat deck when one of the bombs landed alongside of us and blew shrapnel up on the deck. I think we had some casualties in the radio shop, which was added on on the stern of the ship--a high, up-in-the-air thing. I'm not too sure but whether that was fired on by a 20-millimeter cannon of our own somewhere --not of our ship, but maybe on one of the destroyers.

Marcello: So most of your casualties were incidental as opposed to being deliberate acts on the part of the Japanese. In other words, the Dobbin, for the most part, was being ignored by the Japanese.

Easley: Yes, I thought that wasn't a very smart move on their part. In fact, as just a kid, I thought they were making some. I said, "I wonder how come they didn't blow out the oil tanks over there? I wonder why they didn't blow up the dry dock?" Well, they dropped bombs in there--in the dry dock--but it didn't do anything to

the dry dock.

Marcello: What went on that evening aboard the Dobbin?

Easley: Well, that was when the hairy part came. A whole bunch of planes came in. "Here's another attack! Incidentally, we didn't get any message around while the Japanese were attacking. We had no idea they were attacking in a number of places, of course, at the same time.

That night, I think a lot of us were in the carpenter shop. One of the things we were really concerned about was shutting out the lights. You couldn't open the door. We didn't have any neat little system on there where you opened the door and the light went off. We didn't have that on there. That's one thing we were working on--how we were going to keep running here. Like the portholes down below, we had to cover those up down there. The machine shop was down there. We always had the lights on everywhere on there. Lots of times we worked at night.

That's one of the extra tasks I recall getting to do. Well, after we ate, then we're sitting there pondering and were having a bull session, a brainstorm, about "What can we do here to help? What are we going to be doing here?" All of a sudden these planes show up, and they were our own. There was a hell of a bunch of gunfire. These guys were hot to shoot. I went out

there, and there was just clouds of red tracers filling the sky, and that's about every fifth round. I wouldn't doubt at all but what Honolulu got some of that, because it would have gone all the way down there. A parabolical round like a 5-inch would get over there easy I always wondered about that. Later on, I found out that that's true.

Marcello: So you actually did go out on deck and were an eyewitness to those planes coming in?

Easley: Yes.

Marcello: Did you see any of them go down?

Easley: Yes, I think we shot two of them down, maybe more than that. The interesting thing was that I would venture to say I don't know a whole lot about the general program at all. All we knew was our own little piece of hell. It was very tight and close. For instance, the farthest I got was over to deliver the pumps and stuff and come back and then take some other people over to this other dock. Then I came right back and stayed on the Dobbin. Then all of a sudden we had all these extra visitors on there.

Marcello: What were some of the rumors going around among you and your shipmates that night?

Easley: Well, I think quite a few of us were stunned at the idea that the battleships could be sunk by airplanes. We didn't really realize that they were firing torpedoes.

We thought they were just bombing them. Of course, the oil Oklahoma just rolled completely upside down and trapped a lot of people inside that.

Marcello: I'm assuming that you did not see that.

Easley: No, I didn't see that. Later on, I worked on it. But we did see the one ship. .a couple of them went by I think it was the Nevada, and they decided to run her up on the beach instead of plugging up the entrance. That would have been a possibility

Marcello: Did you actually see the Nevada when it went by?

Easley: No, I don't recall ever just watching it--just the Nevada. They were trying to get these ships underway; I know that.

Marcello: Did you ever hear the rumor that night that the Japanese were invading or were about to invade or land on the island?

Easley: No, I don't think I really heard anybody say that.

Marcello: As you look back on that day, for the most part, how would you describe your own emotions?

Easley: Well, I just thought, "This is a pretty chicken maneuver here to attack us without any message. Really, we were exasperated with that. It was a violent feeling: "Why the hell are they doing this on Sunday! (Chuckle) There's nothing worse than a bunch of Christians facing the enemy--I mean, semi-Christians. We might say that fundamentally the United States is a Christian nation

more or less. You're just not tuned for that stuff. I mean, in the old days we used to make agreements. We'd agree to go to war and things like that, but all of a sudden here they are popping on us.

Marcello: So the basic reaction is anger, would you say?

Easley: Yes, lots of anger

Marcello: How about fear or anxiety? Do you have a chance to experience either of those emotions during something like this, do you feel?

Easley: I think that when I saw the Arizona blow up, I mean, it just felt like my hair went on end, and I thought, "Jeez! I said, "That just wiped that whole ship out! Another guy was standing by me. I don't remember who it was, now, but we talked about it. I said, "It must have been something that went in the magazine on it. We were aware of magazines and all the powder bags, but that's way down in the bottom. The battleships were essentially, in our minds, immune from bombing. What plane could carry would be a 500-pounder, maybe a 700-pounder? I don't believe the Japanese had any huge bombs with them. That's something I've never traced out. I've been reading a lot about that lately. There is some good material out now because they've finally got it in the archives. The U.S. Navy finally got loosened up on some of the information, too. A lot of it was classified, so a lot of it isn't printed.

Marcello: How did you sleep that night? Did you get very much sleep?

Easley: Well, I stayed awake all night, because after all this firing went on. I think it could have been maybe an hour afterward before somebody got all the shooting stopped. It took quite awhile. Pearl Harbor is kind of in a circular shape here, and the ships are all firing up to this. This is a big kind of bowl upside down. That's what I perceived. I looked up there, and it was coming up like that, and I said, "God, there's going to be an awful lot of iron flying down around here! Some of it fell on the deck of the Dobbin. I remember we picked up some the next day up on the boat deck--pieces.

Marcello: What did you do in the next day and the days following the attack? What were some of the specific jobs that you were doing?

Easley: I really can't recall the next three or four days--what we did. I was under direct orders to do this or that, but I don't think we were doing anything majestic--woodworking jobs or anything like that.

Marcello: When you got a chance to survey the damage that had been done, describe for me what you saw. I'm referring now to the days following the attack.

Easley: Well, when we went over in our boats, of course, this oil was everywhere, just floating around and slopping around on the beaches. The ships were still burning.

It took a long time to put them out. It was just a shambles. I remember they didn't attack the sub base, either. I guess they missed that. The Shaw was that destroyer that had that famous photograph of the whole front magazine blowing up. I saw it in the newspaper later on. I did not see it occur. But we went over and looked in the dry dock, and here's the Cassin and the Downes. They flooded the dry dock. The old Pennsylvania was the flagship, an old ancient vessel, because it had the best admiral's quarters, I suppose (chuckle), in the luxury days. These two "tin cans" are kind of bent up. I think they managed to save one of them. If they were twins, they could have cannibalized off of one and fixed the other one so it would go. Then alongside this long dock next to us was the big Oglala, a minelayer. I believe a lot of the mines were removed from that because they were going to work on it. Normally, when you went into dry dock, they removed the explosives. But it was laying there on its side--sunk. Then there was a cruiser alongside there, and I think that was the Helena. I think it was a light cruiser.

There was a lot of movement around there. Everybody's charging around and was real busy-like. We knew nothing about any courts-martial or anything like that or political arguments about the high command or anything. We were not party to that. We just never got

any information on that.

Marcello: What were your thoughts when you saw that damage?

Easley: Well, one thing that really got me--it wasn't too long after--could have been the next day or possibly the third day--was that over on this dock these guys were bringing all these dead people over there. There were long, long rows of them. They were all just one side-by-side there. The whole deck was covered with them. Then they were taking those people and identifying them. The corpsmen were examining them, and a lot of them didn't have anything on--they were laying there naked. I remember the cotton wads in their hind end and little string around their "weenie. A lot of them were just ripped up bad. They were all dead. That was a shock to me. That is a hard part to remember.

Marcello: How long did you stay with the Dobbin?

Easley: Probably up to February of 1942. Prior to that, though --I think it was in a matter of a week or two after the disaster at Pearl--the division officer comes around and says, "Easley, how would you like to go take a crack at the Japs?" I was outside of the shop working on a little joiner out there. I said, "I don't know. I guess it'd be all right. That'd be all right. I'd like to do something to 'em. I hadn't got the rage out of me yet (chuckle) He said, "Okay, pack up all your stuff and get around the gangway, and we'll bring your orders down

there. I told the chief, "Lieutenant Foley just told me I was getting transferred. He said, "Oh, yeah! Well, good riddance! or something like that. By then we were talking in a friendly mode because he'd got to know me and I got to know him. Afterwards I realized he was doing a good job. That's typical of all young people (chuckle) So I got all my junk, and I gave away a lot of it because all you could take was your sea bag and roll up your bedding, and that was it. I had my hammock. I had it all together, and I got around to the other side, and I was waiting there. The division officer comes down with a big pile of papers in hand, and I thought, "He's going to give those to me. He said, "Easley, go back in the shop and unload your stuff and go to work. I'm sending the guy out of the post office. "Oh, yes, sir! So I go around there, and I put my stuff up, and the chief says, "What the hell are you doing back in here, Easley? I thought we got rid of you. I said, "Well, he said he'd take the guy out of the post office. I didn't know what he was talking about. His name was Trantham. He had been in the carpenter shop. I think he was from North Carolina. He was a hot-headed guy. He and another guy in the carpenter shop were getting in fights and stuff. That may be why he was in the post office down below. He had the right rate, though. They decided to send him. He

was then selected instead of me to go on. So I go in the carpenter shop and unload my stuff. I didn't even see who it was. Then the scuttlebutt had got out that Trantham was on this instead of me. They said, "Boy, you really pulled the strings. I said, "I knew nothing about it. I got kind of pushed around for a while about that because this guy was their friend. They'd been on the ship together long before I got there, I guess. Anyway, the destroyer he went on was the Jarvis. It was sunk, I believe, with "all hands. I think that's the correct destroyer. So I would have been wiped out. Somebody had their hand on me--that's what I thought about afterwards.

Marcello: So where did you end up?

Easley: Well, I stayed on there until February I don't even remember what particular day it was. He said, "Well, Easley, I got another opportunity for you. The reason they did this was that if you weren't married--if you were single--that's what they did. The guys that were married had a little kind of an edge. Their wives are over on the beach and everything. They got responsibilities, and you're just a gladiator. I said, "Oh, okay "Here's your orders. I packed it up and headed back to the States. I went back on, I think, the ol Hayes, which was a .oh, I may be mistaken, but I think it was like a cruise ship or something. It might

have belonged to the Navy in the first place. Here's the ol Shaw with the bow blown off of it, and they had a little stubby piece--plates--on there. They were going to take it back to Mare Island Navy Yard. That was our escort. Everytime there was any high seas, it damn near disappeared because a whole bunch of the bow was gone (chuckle) The thing was unstable. I really suffered for them. I used to get up on the deck and look out there, and it'd just dive in. They had to get the Hayes to slow down. Nobody'd wanted to slow down. That's when you're torpedoed (chuckle) I never did get to talk to any of the guys on the Shaw. It must have been a hell of a ride. I understand the bow was already made for them by the time they got there. They just put it in the dry dock and burned off all the bad stuff and put on the new bow. That's kind of a message I got through the grapevine. I think it probably was reliable.

So I said, "San Diego? That's strange. They aren't building any ships in San Diego. And, you know, you could wind up on the four-stack destroyer nest down there, and that was one of the worst places you could get--chipping paint and rust. So I go down there, and here's this new construction. It's a yacht, and they are ripping all the paneling out of the inside (chuckle) and ripping everything off of it and converting it into

a sub chaser. It was a patrol yacht coastal--PYC. It's name was Chalcedony. They named them all after rocks. There was a whole series of those--Chalcedony.

Marcello: So you are now aboard the Chalcedony, and you were on board there for how long?

Easley: I was first class by then. There was a first class boatswain's mate, a first class gunner's mate, and the first class carpenter's mate, essentially the damage controlman. We were the top boys. There was a chief who was in the reserve, and he ran the diesels on it. He was the chief engineer. The captain was a JG, but he was an ex-merchant mate, and he didn't know anything about the Navy. In fact, he didn't like the Navy. We thought, "Jeez, this is going to be terrible!

The first thing I did when I went on there. there was workmen all over the place. There was also a bunch of tuna boats that they were working on. I thought, "How in the hell did I get on a little thing like this?" I really was concerned about that. There wasn't anybody there except these civilians at the time I showed up. I was looking around there, and I thought, "Boy, this thing is going to take an awful lot of work. Here's this guy who comes up in khaki shirt and pants and said, "Well, what are you thinking?" I said, "I'm not impressed with it at all!" He has a little bit of gray hair. We talked for quite a while, and he asked me what

I thought about it and this and that. Finally, he says, "Incidentally, I'm the captain. I thought, "Oh, jeez! That's the last guy I want to talk to! I thought he was maybe a supervisor for the Navy, seeing this job's getting done, a contract job. It had a 3-inch/.25 aft-- same as we had on the Dobbin. It was made out of steel --the ship was. They mounted this cannon on the deck. That was a mistake. Later on, we couldn't train the thing properly

Marcello: How long did you remain aboard this vessel?

Easley: Not too long. We had disagreements right off. So here the three of us were regular Navy. The rest of them were all reserves or off the farm or something, except the chief engineer and the executive officer, who was a lieutenant (JG) He had been in the Merchant Marine and was what you'd call a real good guy

Marcello: Let's talk a little bit--very briefly--about some of the activities that you were engaged in as the war progressed. For instance, just identify some of the ships you were on and the places you went.

Easley: The reason I got off this Chalcedony was that everytime we went to sea off Pearl. that was our patrol area. .we got a submarine, I think, one time--had all the indications. Anyway, the captain said, "I'm getting tired of going up on the deck and getting wet. He said, "I want you to burn a hole down here with a torch

through this bulkhead. I said, "No, you don't get to do that, Captain. I refused to burn that hole. He wrote me up for a court-martial for refusing to carry out my duty. That was absolutely a felony to do that. So he said, "I got to get rid of you. The next day he transferred me.

I got on this little net making base where they were making antisubmarine nets. I was there for a couple of weeks, and I said, "This isn't my game. Then they sent me to Johnston Island, which is 800 miles west of Pearl, and I was a fire-and-crash chief there. We had a little fire station. We had civilians, Marines, regular Navy, Navy air crews. What it did was, if a submarine came from out on patrol, they came in there and got refueled and got torpedoes and would not have to go that additional 1,600 miles.

Marcello: And how long did you remain there?

Easley: That was a six-month tour automatic. The Marines had thirty months, and they didn't like it (chuckle). There was nothing there except sand and birds.

Marcello: And then where did you go from Johnston Island?

Easley: I came back into Pearl Harbor, of all things! I went there, and my job was to unload these PT boats. We finished them up there. They were kind of training the crews. Then I went to new construction.

Marcello: So where did you pick up the new construction?

Easley: Well, meanwhile, I'd learn navigation by going to night school here. It was a Navy school. It was for officers. I just went there. We went back on the cruiser Boise, which had to go back to the States for some reason. I went to Seattle to APA school. I didn't even know what an APA was. It's an Amphibious Personnel Assault. It's primary mission is to run up and unload your boats of the 2,000 or 3,000 Marines or soldiers and land on these unfriendly beaches. As I found later, we had had such terrible problems with the launching craft and sinking boats and one thing or another and losing people, but these were supposed to be the ultimate. The whole series were all alike. We went to Samar Island, and the Japanese controlled it. We went in there and put a little torpedo base in there by ourselves.

Marcello: Where was this?

Easley: Samar Island in the Philippines. We went on a lot of other little missions, too. We could land these troops anywhere. They went to Red Beach in Leyte and attacked there. We landed our troops there--amphibious landing. Then we went up to Okinawa and Ii-shima. There was a little group of islands that were off Okinawa--a little cluster of them--and we went there three days prior to that assault landing, and we pulverized that place. We worked there awhile. We set this place up so the Marines could put their 155-millimeter howitzers

there to control this passageway

Then the major assault was on April 1--April Fool's Day--and the code name there was "Love Day, of all things, for that operation. So we attacked Okinawa. Ii-shima was the little island close to it. That's where Ernie Pyle got zapped. We were looking right at the place when he got killed. We missed him.

Marcello: So did you end the war on that ship?

Easley: Our next mission was to land on Kyushu, the southern island of Japan. I believe that was the one. I wasn't familiar with Japan that much, but it was one of the mainland islands. The casualty rate would have been unbelievable. From what I know now it would have been an ultimate disaster. We didn't know about the kamikazes, but at Okinawa they were really doing their job. They were taking out ships right and left. That was one of the biggest concerns of all--one plane for one ship. Since then they've found that the kamikazes didn't want to do this job. First, there were officers doing the flying; then they started enlisted men doing it. All they did was fly the plane there. They didn't know how to navigate, so they had these six Zeros--they were professional fighter pilots of the Japanese--and they herded them out there. got it in sight, and then they'd peel off, and they kind of hovered around there. That's when they started finding out how successful they

were. Before, these planes would go out, do all this dropping and everything, but nobody returned--not enough to bring any information. So they didn't think it was successful. Finally, they were smart enough to figure out how to get out there and observe without getting shot down by our own combat air patrol. They found out it was very effective, and then it started heating up.

Marcello: Now you mentioned that you got out of the Navy in December of 1945, is that correct?

Easley: Yes, after Okinawa. Incidentally, we lost right around 5,000 Navy men there, just getting people to shore. All the perimeter destroyers just got sunk by kamikazes.

We hauled a whole bunch of casualties back to San Francisco. These guys were all in terrible shape. They brought them there, and they had all these ambulances all lined up. A whole bunch of officers' wives were there. We weren't supposed to put any messages out because we were still at war. The captain was just furious: "How could these people show up here? They're not supposed to know! The enlisted men had all of their stuff censored. There were no enlisted men's wives. As far as I know, I was the only guy that got off the ship. I went down and hooked up the freshwater line. Then I ran along underneath this little trestle under the dock and got to a phone and called my wife (chuckle).

Marcello: One last question. You mentioned this just now. You mentioned that you called your wife. When had you married?

Easley: On June 15, 1945. That's when they came there.

Marcello: I wanted to make that clear, that this had not occurred while you were in the Navy at Pearl Harbor. You were not married then.

Easley: No, no.

Marcello: Like you say, then, you finally mustered out in December of 1945. Well, I think that's a pretty good place to end this interview, Mr. Easley. I want to thank you very much for having spoken with me. You said a lot of important and very interesting things, and I'm sure that scholars and students are going to find your comments very valuable.

Easley: Well, I'm trying to write a book about the humorous incidents of World War II in the Navy, and if anybody ever sees it, the name of it will be Scrambled Eggs and Hash Browns.

Marcello: Okay.